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AMES' Series of
STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.

No. 66.

HANS, THE DUTCH J. P.,

A DUTCH FARCE,

IN ONE ACT,

BY

F. L. CUTLER,

*WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS, RELATIVE
POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, DE-
SCRIPTION OF COSTUME, AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS, AS PERFORM-
ED AT THE PRINCIPAL AMER-
ICAN AND ENGLISH
THEATRES.*

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An Ethiopian Farcé in one scene, by F. L. Cutler. 3 male, 1 female character. Scene—a plain room and common furniture. Costumes, comic, to suit the characters. Very funny, and effectually gives the troubles of a "colored gal" in trying to have a beau, and the pranks of "that boy Sam." Time of performance twenty minutes.

Hans, the Dutch J. P.

A Dutch Farcé in one act, by F. L. Cutler, 3 male, 1 female character. An exceedingly funny piece. Hans figures as a Justice in the absence of his master, and his exploits are extremely ludicrous. Costumes modern. Scene plain room. Twenty minutes.

Hans, the Dutch J. P.,

A DUTCH FARCE,

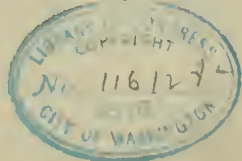
IN ONE ACT,

BY

F. L. CUTLER,

Author of That Boy Sam, The Sham Professor, Etc., Etc.

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Hans, the Dutch J. P.

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CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

Hans, - - - *A Dutchman.*
Justice of the Peace, - - *His Master.*
Pat, - - *An Irishman in trouble.*
Woman, - . - *Wanting help.*
Ghost.

COSTUMES—Modern to suit the characters.

SCENE—Interior of Justice's Office.

PROPERTIES.

Stuffed Club for Hans. Furniture for office. Books and papers to put on table. Sheet and mask for Ghost.

HANS, THE DUTCH J. P.

SCENE.—Interior of a Justice office. Table c., upon which are books, newspapers, pen and ink, etc. Chairs R. and L.

Enter, Justice, L.

Justice. Well, let me see! What have I on hand for to-day? Nothing that I can think of. Well, I may as well take things easy. (*sits*) I may as well post myself up a little. (*opens a large book, when recollecting, he suddenly jumps up*) Oh, thunder! I had forgotten all about that Jones business. But that will take me out of town, and if I go, I shall have to shut up shop. I don't like to do that, because if there should be anything to do to-day, that other justice across the street will get it. I believe I will leave Hans here in the office—but he is such a stupid fool, I don't know whether I can make him understand anything or not. (*calls*) Hans! Hans!

Enter, Hans, R. He is very corpulent.

Hans. Vell. Vat you makes?

Justice. Make! I don't make anything. I am compelled to go into the country upon business, and I want you to remain in the office until I come back. If any one comes in, you can tell them

that I will be back this evening, and will then attend to their business for them. Do you understand?

Hans. Yah! I does the bizness, und you comes dis evening.

Justice. No, no, you stupid rascal—you are not to do anything of the kind. You just tell them that I will be back this evening, and that I will attend to their business then. Do you understand now?

Hans. Yaw. I fersthay. I do 'em up bully, you bed you.

Justice. Well see that you do. You must not leave the office until I get back for anything.

Hans. Yaw, I vas understand. I don't vas go away from here. Nein.

Justice. Well, just get my hat for me.

Hans in getting hat falls over chair, general business in getting up, and getting hat which rolls around stage.

Hans, (giving hat—with long breath) Dunder! Better you tie dot hat or he got away mit you.

Justice. Confound your blundering, you've nearly ruined this hat! I'll get back as soon as I can. *(exit, r.)*

Hans examines his person to see if he is hurt rubs his elbows and shins—limps.

Hans. Busht dot hat did I? Vell how could I hel-ep it? it vas bound to got away. I would jüst like to see him shase a windy day der street up some day mit dot hat; den I guess! *(makes faces—rubs elbow)* By shiminy! dot vloer was harter as a dutchman, und dot shair rub-a-dub my ribs like ter tyfel! *(makes wry face—looks slowly around the room)* Vell, vell, I don't nefer vas see der likes of dis! Here I vas got to sthay all day like a vart, und dalks mit de beebles vat comes to me in. Vell, does vas a nice ting, bein' a shustice's office all der wile.

Enter Pat, r.

Pat. Now, be jabers, but yer're the mon I want to say! I'll tell ye Squire, I'm in the divil's own sehrape. Ye say, the mather sthands loik this: you see I had a—had—

Hans. Vell, dunder ant-blitzen! vat you makes? Ve dond got some,—vat you call 'im?—shustice here now.

Pat. Haint got any justice! fot d'ye mane, ye blaggard? Ain't this a justice office?

Hans. (*motions*) Yaw, yaw! Vat I makes is dat we dond got some; dond got—Vell how I tole him onyhow?

Pat. Bad luek to yez for a dutch spalpeen! Come now, give me a warrant for that feller afore he gits away. Give me the papers,

Hans. Yaw, I gifs you der babers.

(Gets newspaper and gives to Pat who throws it in his face. Hans steps backwards—trips—falls.)

Pat. Take that you blunderin old idiot. Fot ye think I want wid a newspaper? ye old sourerout!

Hans. (*rising*) Yaw, sourerout goot. I likes him bully. He makes a dutchman fat. (*pats stomach and smacks lips.*)

Pat. Who cares if it does make you fat. Ain't ye goin' to give me the warrant for that feller?

Hans. He vas gone oud in der country.

Pat. Don't I know that, ye blaggard! an ain't that fot I want the papers for—to ketch 'im afore he gits away?

Hans. He comes back mit himself dis night.

Pat. Ccme back to-night? How do yez know that ye ould switzer case? Maybe he'll come back and pay me for me loss—that's fot I want. I want me money.

Hans. Yaw, him pay all de monish—he pay all he owe.

Pat. Oeh I now, but I didn't think he'd be afther comin' to time loik that. How did he find out that I was goin to arrest him? that's fot I'd like to know. Did ye tell him?

Hans. Yaw, I tole him. He come back dis night.

Pat. Well that's all right, dutchey. I'll be back afther me money to-morrow. You'll excuse me hittin' ye with the paper, but I thought you was making game of me. Come, lets shake hands.

Hans. Shake—bully! I was no making a game-bag mit you. Nix.

Each extend one hand and they shake. Hans winces and tries to pull away, then grabs Pat's hand with both of his. Pat winces and tries to pull away, and then grabs both of Hans' hands in both of his. Hans yells, jumps up and sits down heavy. Pat exits L.

Hans. (*rubbing hands*) Shiminy! I vas glad he's gone. He vas squeeze vorse nor a cider mill. Rasser I find five dollar ash squeeze him again. Vel, it vas funny about dot Irishman. He vant der barber, und den ven I gif him to it, he trow him in my face. Und den he vant money. Vat I gif him money for? Vell he come back to-morrow ant see de shudge, und dat makes no difference mit me.

Enter Woman, r.

Hans jumps up from sitting posture on floor, runs around after chair, upsets it and the ink, picks up chair and places it for Woman.

Hans. Take a shair—take a shair. Bleasantly dundering hot, dond it?

Woman. (*sits*) Is this the squire's office?

Hans. Vat der dickens! Oh! yaw, yaw, dot's it.

Woman. Well I want to make some arrangements about getting a divorce from my husband. We can't live together any longer: and I've found another man that suits me, and I want marry to him.

Hans. Mine gootness cracious! dond marry me! I dond vant to marry nobody. He'll be back dis night.

Woman. Don't I know that? and ain't that the reason why I want to do some thing to-day? All he ever married me for was money, and as soon as he found I had none, and many debts, he commenced to abuse me.

Hans. (*aside*) Vell, vell! vat I do mit dis womans? She wants to marry, und den she wants money; und I dond got some, if I had I would gif her ony.

Woman. (*going towards him*) Well, are you going to fix those papers for me?

Hans. (*backing off—aside*) Great Shiminy! she's goin' to marry me now, right away off quick. Vat I do, vat I do? Bleese go away I vant to dink about it. Yaw, yaw, I fix 'em—come in to-morrow—only bleese go away now.

Woman. Well, I'll settle with you in the morning. (*exit, r.*)

Hans sees ink on table, runs and wipes it up with his handkerchief.

Hans. Vell, by craciousness! I never vas see any ting like dot. I vonder how dis stuff vas come upturned ofer. I tink dot vomans

excite me. I wish I put her on der vloer excepting I skylark after does shair. She vas goin' to marry me—cracious how varm I vas!

Hans wipes his face with his handkerchief, and makes face black.

Cootness how I schweat! I feel like a gouble of dunder shower. Dot vomans makes me varm, I bed you. She's coming after her mon-ish in de morning, eh? I vas pooty quick think the shudge owe efrybody in dis blace. (*goes L. of table.*) Dot bades eferydnga. I danks she marry der shudge ouf he don't look a leedle out. I von-der vat comes next?

Enter Ghost, R.

I shouldn't be much exprised of der tyfel himself come in next, and —

Ghost. (heavy voice) All right, dutchy.

Hans falls to the floor and rolls under table, general business trying to cover himself with his coat-tails. Exit Ghost, R. Hans raises himself slowly to sitting posture from under table, and looks around.

Hans. Vell, he dond sthay long. (*rises*) I guess he got schared off me. Better he vas not come back here again, or I put a head off him so quick vat I can. (*walking heard R.*) Dere he is again. I'll fix him!

Gets club L. runs to R. entrance, raises club above head—stands.

Enter Justice, R.

Hans strikes him with club and knocks him down, c. and pounds him with club.

CURTAIN.

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"On Thursday night last, Mr. Ames made his first appearance before an Appleton City audience, and if we may judge from the hearty reception that met him, in the course of his character of Farmer Allen in the beautiful play of 'Dora,' he has made himself a favorite with our citizens, and formed a long list of personal friends who will remember him and watch his career as an actor and instructor with interest. His rendition of Allen was acknowledged by all, as superior work. The tear came unbidden to the eye at different times, while watching the many and devious passages in which Farmer Allen, the man whose will was law, were delivered in the most natural and effective manner."

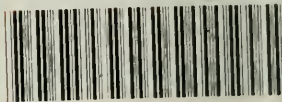
From the same paper we have the following:

"Mr. A. D. Ames was cast in that most difficult role of Joe Morgan in Ten Nights in a Bar-Room. The universal verdict of the audience was that his rendition of the same was perfect."

The following is from the Bloomville [O.] Banner:

"Of the acting of Mr. Ames we can speak in the highest praise. The character of Dalton was written expressly for him, and that he acts it true to nature, no one will deny!" We could not help noticing the expression of countenance so plainly marked, even without a word being said. His cry at the death of Willie, where he exclaims, 'O, Willie, how can I give you up!' will not soon be forgotten."

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